

THE  
CONQUEST  
OF  
QUEBEC.  
A  
POEM.

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*Dulce et Decorum est pro Patria mori.* HOR.

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O X F O R D :

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**T**HE POEM which is here offered to the Publick was written last Summer, and presented among many others to the Gentlemen appointed to adjudge the Premium given by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Litchfield*, Chancellor of the University of *Oxford*. --- Though it had not sufficient Merit to gain the Premium, it was returned to the Author with some Commendations.

He then laid it by, as he thought a Publication of it might be supposed an Arraignment of the Decision of the Judges.

But the recent Appearance of a Poem, wrote on the same Occasion, having removed his Objections on that Head, he has (perhaps too easily) been persuaded by some partial Friends to make this publick.

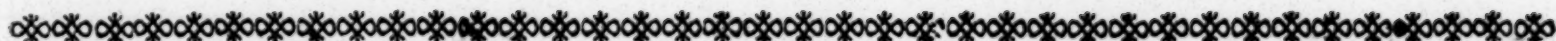




Q U E B E C.

A

P O E M.



**W**RAPT in Oblivion's Shroud the youthful Muse  
Unnotic'd, long has slept, and Isis mourn'd

Her Sons of Genius to the World unknown :

While to her list'ning Shores proud Cam imparts

Her annual Honours, far as her fam'd Stream

Laves her green Banks. But Isis mourns no more ;

Her LITCHFIELD calls, Her LITCHFIELD's Call is heard ;

And



And from the Fields of Fancy, ever gay  
 With smiling Verdure and Parnassian Blooms,  
 Her Offspring glean the Records of Old Time;  
 And bid wide waisting War by Victory crown'd,  
 Live in immortal Verse, but chiefly Thine,  
 Fair Albion, and thy Heroes, high renown'd  
 For warlike Vict'ries and successful Toils.  
 Em'lous, not vain, by Glory's impulse urg'd  
 I call'd the Muse, I snatched the vocal Reed;  
 The Muse indulgent came, and what she taught,  
 And Hope, delusive Maid, inspir'd, I sing.  
 As the fair Star that gilds the Spring-tide Morn,  
 Serenely bright, so Fate benignant shone  
 On Britain's Welfare, and Her Annals grac'd  
 With long successive Conquests, and Her Throne,  
 Where Virtue sat in George's Godlike Form,  
 With deathless Bays adorn'd; Peace glanc'd a Smile,  
 Tho' stern Bellona reign'd. Her Realm secure,

Her



Her Plains unravag'd, with diffusive Hand,  
 From her redundant Horn, fair Plenty pour'd  
 Her Blessings o'er the Steps of Industry:  
 Whilst in the busy Bustle of Refort  
 Flourish her Sisters, Commerce, Science, Arts,  
 Nor heav'd one British Breast with fancy'd fear  
 Of Gallic Ire. Serene and undismay'd  
 Each Heart repos'd, the fleeting Hours that form  
 The circling Wheel of Time, no Sorrows knew  
 Save what the retrospective Soul spontaneous pour'd,  
 Dubious how stable her Saturnian Days.  
 — — — — Such, England, were thy Joys;  
 Such thy domestic Bliss, while far remote  
 On the blue Bosom of th' expansive Main  
 Thy Navies ride, wide swell their snowy Sails;  
 Their crimson Streamers flutter to the Breeze  
 With undulating Grandeur, their proud Prows  
 Glide thro' the foaming Surge, whose whit'ning Waves

Indignant



Indignant roar and lash their sturdy Sides,  
 Where rests Britannia's Thunder charged with Death.  
 Now martial Music and resounding Shouts,  
 Promise of future Victory, assault  
 Heav'n's vaulted Dome; from whence e'en Angels lean,  
 Drawing the azure Curtains of the Skies,  
 To view Terrestrial Splendor; while upborn,  
 High in his Lucid Car before the Fleet  
 Conducting Neptune rode, around him play'd  
 The Sea-green Tritons, with their winding Shells  
 Attuning England's Praise. But hold, my Muse,  
 Nor let the Pageant Pomp protract thy Theme  
 While Merit claims the tributary Lay.  
 Pass not unsung the brave Durell and Holmes  
 And Saunders fam'd, Lords of the boundless deep,  
 Nor less commemorate their bold Compeers  
 Monkton and Howe, and Townshend great in Arts,  
 In Arms pre-eminent. And chiefly Thee,

Victorious



Victorious Wolfe, thy Country's Boast and Sorrow—  
 Thy Warriors These, who late from Glory's Field,  
 Pluck'd the fair Laurel wet with recent Gore,  
 And o'er the shatter'd Piles of Louisbourg  
 Thy Standard rear'd, and in coercive Chains  
 Led captive every Foe. But since repuls'd  
 From Montmorenci's Heights where thousand Souls  
 Left their pale Bodies, floating on the Tide  
 Of purpled Neptune; and their fearless Barks  
 Suffer'd ignoble Wrecks. Now with Revenge  
 And love of Glory fir'd, prepar'd to fight,  
 To conquer or to die; their Squadrons haste,  
 Before the auspicious Wind to where the Tow'rs  
 Of proud Quebec, exalt their Battlements—  
 Now o'er the Face of Day the stilly Night  
 Draws her black Veil, the Lucid Moon ascends  
 Her silver axled Car, and o'er the vast  
 Extensive Empyreum glides along,



In peerless Majesty, with Virgin light  
 Skirting th' attendant Clouds and Mountain Tops.  
 Tipt with her transient Beams, an hundred Spires  
 Rush on the Sight, crowning the shaggy Brow  
 Of Abraham's steepy Heights; where sunk in Sleep  
 The thoughtless Gauls repose. With cautious Silence  
 Th' Armaments steal down the favouring Tide  
 To tempt the Shore and Dangers yet unknown.  
 Aghast with sudden Fear each Soldier stood,  
 Viewing the craggy Cliffs, whose roughen'd Sides  
 Seem'd inaccessible, and whose high Top,  
 Out-stripp'd the visual Ray—The dauntless Wolfe  
 Pale Terror and Amazement wild beheld  
 Brood o'er each Face, and bounding from his Bark  
 Stern to th' affrighted Hosts—Rouse, Rouse, (he cries)  
 Nor wear eternal Shame upon your Brows;  
 Nor claim a Frown from him for whom we've bled.  
 George is our King: Our Country fam'd for Hearts,  
That



That into Pity's kindly Dew will melt  
 When Virtue suffers. Those who bravely die  
 E'en like the Sun blazing, in setting Glory,  
 Veil but their Beams of Honor for a while,  
 To rise superior in more blissful Climes.  
 And for Ourselves for whom th' impartial Fates  
 Have stretch'd the Thread of Life, there yet remains  
 A Path to Fame, tho' rough and steep th' ascent  
 Shall we then fear? Refuse to scale those heights?  
 Where sits immortal Glory bright enthron'd,  
 Where we alone can gain, alone retrieve  
 Our Laurels lost at Montmorenci's Siege.

— — — — — Such were his Words  
 And Albion's kindling Sons their influence felt.  
 Swift from their Ships, her many Legions rush'd,  
 And up the rugged Rock fearless they climb  
 With Vigour irresistible; whose Brow  
 At length attain'd th' encircling Camp they form,



The living Line and thick embodied Rank  
 O'erspread th' embattled Plain; thro' ev'ry File  
 Each Chieftain darts his quick observant Eye.  
 And now the dreadful Din of Battle roars,  
 The Clang of Arms, the Sound of breathing Brass,  
 Float on the lift'ning Air. Th' officious Winds,  
 On Wings retentive the harsh murmurs bear  
 To where th' attractive Walls of length'ning Tow'rs  
 Rise proudly eminent; the retorted Sounds  
 Of long continued Echoes pierce the Ear  
 Of flumb'ring Centinels. Montcalm alarm'd  
 Collects his scatter'd Troops, and to the Field  
 Leads forth his vast Battalions, numerous  
 As those of Xerxes, whom he led across  
 Th' extensive Hellespont. Anon prepar'd  
 Preluding Cannons Declaration give  
 Of op'ning War. Slow move the well-rang'd Ranks,  
 With measur'd Step, 'till Front to Front they meet

Indissolubly



Indissolubly firm. Thick mantling Flames  
 And Earth-born Thunder, wrapt in Wreaths of Smoke  
 Grace the rough Edge of War. Now Fire for Fire,  
 And Peal for Peal, and Death for Death exchange.  
 Myriads on Myriads fall on either Side;  
 And as the Leaves each rolling Year succeed  
 Their wither'd Ancestry, to falling Ranks  
 Intrepid Lines, in bright Succession rise.  
 Grim Death and Desolation Hand in Hand  
 Stalk o'er the bloody Field. Ten Thousand Souls,  
 On Wing erratic, brave the gaping Gulf  
 Of dread Futurity: while on the Plain,  
 (A Grave unask'd) their mangled Bodies lie.  
 The Poor, the Rich, the Impious, and the Good,  
 (Distinction void) bleed in promiscuous Heaps:  
 Thus while the Moon, her nightly Circuit steer'd,  
 Intestine War, rag'd fierce and uncontroul'd;  
 Nor did Aurora fair, whose Blushes now

Distain'd



Distain'd the dappled East, her wonted State,  
 Of Ease and pure Tranquility enjoy.  
 The gleaming Blade still drink empurpl'd Gore;  
 Still Britain's Flag was seen, and still the Gauls  
 Their haughtier Banners wav'd; and still the Clouds  
 With foreign Lightnings flash'd, and Thunder not their own.  
 E'en yet the Fate of either Army hung  
 In equal Poise. Such Fury steel'd each Heart,  
 And strung each Arm, such mutual Death,  
 By mutual Fire was made. And now, ye Fair,  
 Brittannia's Boast, withdraw your Hearts awhile  
 From Pleasure's giddy Round. See, for your Sakes,  
 Stretch'd on the ensanguin'd Field, robb'd of the Life  
 Which once you held so dear, your Heroes fall'n.  
 Claims not the pallid Cheek, and lifeless Corpse,  
 One memorable Tear? Asks not the Soul,  
 Breathing its last in Albion's glorious Cause,  
 One grateful Sigh and supplicating Pray'r?

How



How will your Hearts rejoice, when from afar,  
 Whom Heav'n has will'd Victorious to survive,  
 Rich with resplendent Trophies, shall return  
 To bless your longing Arms. Let then your Thoughts,  
 Your tend'rest Thoughts await 'em: O'er their Heads  
 Hover your gentlest Wishes, Genii fair.

At length o'erpower'd the British Ranks recede,  
 The Gauls press forward, and with wasting Sword,  
 And Irons globous with horrid Chains connext  
 Disgorg'd from the wide-mouths of angry Cannons,  
 They strew the Plain with headless Trunks, and Limbs,  
 And clotted Gore: Trampling o'er Heaps of slain,  
 They yet pursue, till Britain's Mars stepp'd forth;  
 And as beside some rushing Cat'racts Brink,  
 The tott'ring Pile worn with conflicting Storms,  
 Of warring Elements, from its loose Base,  
 Loud thund'ring, falls into the roaring Wave,  
 The Tide obstructing; thus the rapid Course

Of



Of Gallia's Sons, the daring Wolfe suppress'd,  
 Gracing the Phalanx' Head : This in each Breast  
 Inspir'd heroic Ardor, scorning Flight,  
 Ignoble, Ignominious ; they revert,  
 And with redoubled Courage, brave th' Attack  
 Of Foes implacable. Again the Fight  
 Hangs dubious, nor Retreat on either Side  
 Is made ; and this th' obdurate Gauls perceive  
 With Envy swoln ; swift from a well-aim'd Tube  
 Flies the revengeful Ball, piercing his Arm,  
 And to the Ground the Hero's Truncheon falls :  
 Unmov'd as yet in tort'ring Pain he stands  
 And deals his Mandates round. But now, alas !  
 The fated Death lodg'd in his gen'rous Breast,  
 The Pow'rs of Life decline ; and in the Arms  
 Of some kind Fellow Warrior he falls.  
 Now Acclamations with the joyful Sounds  
 Of Cornets, Fifes, and Drums, aloud proclaim

Augusta's



Augusta's Conquest : Fix'd her Ensign flood,  
 Unmov'd and unmolested, o'er the Field  
 Waving its crimson Glories. The glad News  
 Nor sooner reach'd th' expiring Hero's Ear,  
 Than struck with rapt'rous Joy, from the cold Bed  
 Of icy Death, thrice he essay'd to rise,  
 And thrice to Earth he fell. Feeble he lay  
 Yet triumph'd in his Mis'ry. From his Eyes  
 Ran Tears of painful Pleasure. Dulcet Smiles  
 Dimpled his roseless Cheeks. His languid Heart,  
 Robb'd of its purple Tide, for Britain's Sake  
 Leap'd its last transport ; while fair Vict'ry wove  
 The Laurel round his meritorious Brow.  
 Swift from his Godlike Frame, his purer Soul  
 On Virtue's downy Pinions soaring, fled  
 To mingle with the Blest, in happier Scenes  
 Of Bliss untainted, and supreme Delight.  
 And thus the fairest Flow'r that ever bloom'd



In Glory's vermeil Plain, the brightest Gem,  
 That ever sparkled in Augusta's Crown,  
 Lamented dropt, tho' Conquest grac'd his Death.  
 Now o'er Brittannia's Realm diffus'd around,  
 The gladsome Tidings spread; from Shore to Shore  
 The Voice of Pleasure flies; The grateful Sounds,  
 Of replicating Shouts, with softer Notes  
 Of instrumental Harmony, delight  
 The Ear attentive. While on Thames's Banks  
 The deep mouth'd Cannons repercussive roar  
 Wakes every Soul to Mirth. Yet oft the Tear  
 Involuntary trickled o'er the Cheek  
 When Mem'ry pictur'd to the gen'rous Mind  
 Th' unrivall'd Conq'ror dead. The distant Vales  
 Rob'd in Autumnal Gold, their Harvests wave  
 In Gratulation; while their native Swains  
 The votive Chaplet wreathe; and George and Wolfe  
 In rural Music echo thro' each Grove.

And



And now, ye favour'd Sons of Albion, blest  
 With Fortune's brightest Smiles, to whom 'tis giv'n  
 To boast the Sunshine of indulgent Fate,  
 Live not regardless of the Gifts of Heav'n:  
 But while in Pleasure's flow'ry Field you stray  
 With oft reverted Eye on Virtue's Form  
 With Ardor gaze; nor let bright Justice breathe  
 Her Heav'n-taught Dictates, unprov'd, unheard:  
 Nor suffer baneful Luxury to disgrace  
 Your hospitable Board; Nor Vice to stain  
 Your sacred Roof; While o'er the desert Wild  
 Religion naked, hopeless, and forlorn,  
 Wanders with weary Step. But ev'ry Hour,  
 With virtuous Acts improve; and ev'ry Sun  
 Shall rise and set unconscious of a Sigh,  
 Save what the Sympathetic Heart (when stretch'd  
 The bounteous Hand to minister Relief  
 E'en to a vagrant Enemy) shall heave.

Thus



Thus England blest'd, with ev'ry Virtue fraught,  
 Beneath thy lucid, salutary Ray;  
 O pure Religion, or in Peace or War,  
 Her Joys in bright Succession shall revolve;  
 Her ev'ry Hero prove a Loyal WOLFE,  
 Her ev'ry King, a patriotic GEORGE.

F I N I S.

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E R R A T A.

Page 6, Line 7, for *Vict'ries* read *Virtues*.

9, Line 6, for *Let* read *Led*.

13, Line 16, place a *Comma* after the Word *steer'd*.

14, Line 3, for *drink* read *drank*.

15, Line 11, place a *Comma* after the Word *Trunks*.



